

LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

VOL I.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1820.

[NO. 25.]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY

SYLVESTER T. GOSS,

No. 10, State Street,

AT THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

All letters directed to the Publisher, must be post paid. No subscription received for a less time than one year.

AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

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THE POWER OF LOVE

AND HONOUR.

Many years ago a gentleman of some property in the west of England, abruptly discharged from his service a young man who lived with him in the capacity of gardener. It was whispered that his dismissal was occasioned by the gentleman's daughter an only child, a beautiful girl of eighteen, having cast a partial eye upon him; and this report was strengthened by her resolute refusal to marry a neighbouring squire, for whom her father had long intended her. Incensed at the obstinacy with which she persisted in her refusal, her father, Mr. T——, determined to carry her to France, and place her as a boarder in a convent, till time should render her more amenable to his wishes.

Accordingly they set out for France: on the very day of their departure, Mr B——, the gentleman whom the young lady had refused, was found murdered in a wood near his own home, and contiguous to the house of Mr T——.

As Mr. B——'s watch and purse had not been taken, it was obvious that plunder was not the murderer's object. The unfortunate man was stabbed in several places, and near him lay a knife, with which it appeared that the dreadful deed had been perpetrated. The country was immediately upon the alert to discover the assassin; large rewards were of-

fered for his apprehension, and several persons were taken up on suspicion. Nothing, however, appeared against any one, except the young gardener, and the evidence against him, though only presumptive, was very strong.

In the first place the knife which was found near the body was proved to have belonged to him: he himself did not deny this, but he declared that he had lost it sometime before. Secondly, it appeared that he had often expressed the greatest dislike to the deceased; that on the very morning before the body was found, he observed to a neighbour who was standing with him at his cottage-door, on seeing Mr. B—— ride by, "There goes one whom I hate in my heart. I dare say he is going to one of his jovial meetings. The stingy fellow seldom takes a servant with him, though he is so given to drink, that he has need of some one to take care of him. I should not wonder if something happened to him one of these days." Another witness, who had formerly been William's fellow-servant, deposed, that a short time before, Mr. B—— had on some occasion struck the young man, and that he had then expressed a determination to be revenged upon him. He said to his fellow-servant, "Only for a reason I must not mention. I would have given B—— a good drubbing; but I comfort myself by thinking, that the time will come when he shall pay dear for the blows he gave me."

It was proved also that William was seen, on the evening of the night when the murder was committed, on the road leading to the wood, and the next morning he was met in the wood at a little distance from the spot where the body was found, by two labourers who were going to work. They observed that his hand and his jacket were stained with blood, which he accounted for by saying that his nose had been bleeding. Both these men saw marks of trouble and distraction in his countenance, and one of them asked him whether any thing was the matter with him. He replied abruptly, "No: what should be the matter with me?"

When he quitted the service of Mr. T——, he hired a small cottage, in which he had since lived by himself. On the officers entering it to take him prisoner, they found that he had not been in bed at all. He was sitting in a melancholy posture, but he had changed his dress and washed himself. They found the clothes which he had taken off stained with blood, and he accounted for it in the same way as he had done to the labourers.

A universal feeling of commiseration for the unfortunate prisoner pervaded the minds of all present in court. His appearance was in the highest degree mild and interesting, and a crowd of witnesses deposed to his general good character, and the humanity of his disposition; but nothing appeared in contradiction to the evidence against him. He was repeatedly interrogated as to where he had passed the night, and told that on that circumstance alone his acquittal or condemnation might possibly depend; but to this question he invariably refused to reply, and notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, the evidence against him was so strong, that he was found guilty, and sentenced to suffer the punishment of the law. He met his fate with christian firmness and resignation, and to the last persisted in denying all knowledge of the crime for which he suffered.

How cruel was the situation of this unfortunate young man! A single word would have proved his innocence, and rescued him from an ignominious death; but that word would have blasted for ever the reputation of her whom he loved more than life or honour; it would have exposed her to the utmost rage of a tyrannical father, whose passions were capable of carrying him any length, and whose violence might have endangered even her life.

These considerations induced the faithful and heroic young man to bury in his own bosom the secret of his having passed the fatal night in which the murder was committed with Miss T——. This unfortunate and misguided girl, had, through the ill management and avaricious disposition of

her father, been bred up in ignorance. She was naturally susceptible; William was handsome, and of manners more refined than are usually met with in the class to which he belonged. B——, for whom the young lady knew she was intended, was plain in his person, of licentious character, and many years older than herself; her aversion to him strengthened her rising partiality for William, and she forgot herself so far as to enter into a solemn and sacred engagement never to become the wife of any other.

On the night when B—— met his fate, she had appointed to meet William in her father's garden, to which he had a key; a female servant, who attended her to France was privy to this interview. It was true that nothing had passed between the lovers which could call a blush into the cheek of modesty itself, but the unfortunate William knew too well in what light the world, and especially the father of his mistress, would regard it. The lovers remained together till the last moment, and the violence of his emotion on bidding her what his foreboding heart told him was an eternal farewell, had caused the bleeding of the nose which stained his clothes in so suspicious a manner; nor is it wonderful that the anguish which their parting occasioned him, should be misinterpreted into the distraction of conscious guilt.

The feelings of the wretched Miss T—— when she learned, too late to avert it, the fate of her lover, cannot be described. A few days before the intelligence reached her, the sudden death of her father removed the only obstacle to her union with William. Her grief on hearing the dreadful news was so great, that it threw her into a dangerous fit of illness; but though hovering on the confines of the grave, her first care was to clear his memory. She immediately made a declaration upon oath, which was properly witnessed and committed to writing, that William had remained with her from eleven at night till four in the morning, between which hours it was evident, from the state in which the body was found, the murder must have been committed. This declaration was immediately made public, and the memory of the unfortunate young man was cleared though there were still some who affected to doubt of his in-

nocence, because time wore away without any discovery being made of the murderer.

More than five years had passed when a gentleman belonging to the town near which B—— had been assassinated, was travelling in a different part of the country. The room in which he slept was separated only by a partition occupied by another traveller. The gentleman happened to be awake in the middle of the night, and he heard his neighbour mutter, with a dreadful oath, "Aye, aye, the wood's the place! the wood's the place!" and presently after, "Don't talk to me of Hell: B—— deserved to die, and it never can be found out."

These words impressed the gentleman strongly with a belief, that the traveller was the real murderer of the unfortunate B——. He stole softly down stairs, and awaked some of the domestics, whom he charged not to suffer the man to quit the house till he came back. He went immediately for officers of justice, with whom he soon returned, and taking the stranger into custody, charged him with the murder of Mr. B——. The man, unconscious how the fact had been discovered, confessed it in his first emotions of terror. He was it seems a rider to some houses of business in London; B—— was in the habit of visiting the capital; he saw and seduced this man's wife, who was remarkably pretty. The husband doted upon her to such an excess, that he would have taken her back after she had eloped from him, but she refused to return; and shortly afterwards she quitted London altogether, nor could he learn what had become of her.

As his love for his wife was excessive, his rage against B—— was proportionably great; and he had no means of gratifying his revenge, for though he was himself convinced that B—— had seduced his wife, he could not prove it.

Unfortunately, this injured husband happened to be at an inn where B—— was supping with a party of gentlemen on the night in which he met his fate. He heard one of the waiters observe, that if he were Mr. B——, he should not like to ride home through the wood. He protested that until then he never entertained a thought of taking the life of B——, but at that moment the diabolical idea occurred to him, that he

might, with ease and without being suspected, revenge himself. He was so much stronger than B——, that he thought he could easily master him; he was also very well mounted, and as he often travelled late, and had not announced any intention of staying for the night, his going on would excite no suspicion. He accordingly left the house, and waited for his victim in the wood. While he was upon the watch, he perceived on the ground the knife which poor William had a little before lost; he picked it up, and when he knocked the unfortunate B—— off his horse he used it to finish the wretched man's existence.

His confession was in all respects so clear and satisfactory, that no doubt could be entertained of his guilt: he was accordingly convicted, and executed for the murder.

By this discovery the innocence of the unfortunate gardener was cleared even from the shadow of suspicion. It seemed as if his mistress had survived only to see it made manifest. Her health had been in a declining state from the time she heard of his fate, and in less than a week after the execution of the murderer she breathed her last.

THE DEVIL CAUGHT.

Extract of a letter to the Editor of the Carlisle Republican.

"York, Pa. May, 26.

"Some time since his majesty king Lucifer was caught and safely delivered over to the jailer of this county, where he is at present confined, well secured and ironed, to await the decision of the law. The circumstances are, as far as they have come to my knowledge, as follows: A farmer in a neighbouring township, after his family had retired to rest, was sitting by the fire, ruminating over the events of the day and prospects of to-morrow, when suddenly the door of his apartment was thrown open, and in stalked a gigantic figure with a large pair of horns, very fiery eyes and terrible aspect, and a long brindled tail, which swung about the brimstone tyrant in all the majesty of ugliness. The terrified farmer stood aghast whilst in a hoarse and hellow voice, he learned, to his utter fear and astonishment, that the august personage before him was the Devil, who

had come to take possession of his body and soul. The luckless farmer plead off. The Devil was inexorable. The terrified man fell on his knees and begged a day, promising every thing in the world for a respite. At length his infernal Majesty offered to give him a few years time for the sum of five hundred dollars, which the farmer immediately presented in bank notes, but the Devil told him he "durst not touch any paper money—his fingers would burn it." The farmer then promised and swore that he would have the notes exchanged for specie the next day, and if his Majesty would please to call upon him the ensuing night he should have it. Upon this assurance the Devil departed, and the next day the farmer came to this place where he procured specie for his notes and returned home, happy in the thought of getting so easily rid of his unwelcome visitor. In the course of the evening a Yankee pedlar stopped at his house, and asked for lodgings, which were refused, and on the Yankee's insisting to, as he could go no further that night, the farmer told him that he had better not, as the Devil was to be there shortly, and would in all probability take him along. The Yankee, although a little surprised at the oddity of the man, replied, that he was willing to risk it. He unharnessed his nag, swallowed his supper, and after providing himself with a good club, took his station in a private corner. The farmer placed his table before the fire, at one end of which he took his seat, and at the other end paraded his dollars, apparently wishing to avoid as much as possible, the sooty fingers and sulphurous scent of Mr. Beelzebub. Accordingly, at a late hour the door flew open, in stalked his Majesty, accoutred as before, spitting fire and vomiting smoke in his passage to the table which contained the farmer's ransom. The devil, who hates formality, immediately commenced gathering up the pieces, when our Yankee, stepping up behind him, levelled a blow at his head, which did no further execution than knocking off one of the horns of Mr. Devil, who seemed disposed to make his escape, but fortunately a second hit with the club knocked him down, when, with the assistance of the farmer, who by this time had not now so much dread of his Satanic Majesty, he was tied and conveyed to the prison of this place."

CONFIDENCE.

In the reign of James the Second, Robert Ferguson, a presbyterian minister, who had plotted against the government, fled from justice to the city of Edinburgh, when perceiving that he was closely pursued, and that the gates were shut to prevent his escape, he had recourse to a device which men of less cunning would have considered as the certain means of destruction. Instead of secreting himself in a cellar, or a garret, and putting confidence in strangers, he went to the town prison, where he knew an old acquaintance was confined, and there he remained concealed till the search being over, and curiosity at an end, he was enabled to go quietly about his business. The same man, after the unfortunate and melancholy affair in which the Duke of Monmouth perished, with whom he acted as secretary, had a still more narrow escape. Ferguson, new that a proclamation was issued out against him, and his person was so very remarkable, that he could hardly entertain the least hopes of eluding pursuit. Being, however, a man of presence of mind, he made the best of his way for the coast; but instead of passing by-roads, or through villages, he entered the largest towns, and put up at the best inns. At one place in Dorsetshire, where his danger was greatest, he found that the principal inn was kept by the mayor, which circumstance made him choose that very house for his quarters. Here he came towards evening and ordered a handsome supper, to which he invited the company of the landlord and his wife. In the middle of the repast, the mayor received a message, desiring him to grant a search-warrant for the apprehension of one Ferguson. The magistrate, in consequence, being obliged to retire for the discharge of his official duty, made an apology to his guest, and at the same time acquainted him with the reason of his absence. On his return, the conversation fell upon the subject of the fugitive, and the offences with which he stood charged. Ferguson, who knew that too much ardour in condemning frequently betrays consciousness of guilt, and that an attempt to palliate crime is apt to create suspicion, both which are the errors of little cunning, commended the zeal of the magistrate with that discreet coolness which generally accompanies moderation and honesty, and then de-

viated imperceptibly to topics best calculated for his own security. The evening passed away pleasantly, and Ferguson lay till pretty late in the morning, when he arose, confident enough of his being safe while in that house, but not so sure of getting out of the town to the sea-side. In order to obviate this difficulty, he called for breakfast, and again desired the company of his worship, with whose conversation he affected to be so much pleased, that he promised if the mayor would ride to the next town, and spend the evening with him, he would stop and take dinner. This flattery won the affection of the host, who very readily complied; and thus Ferguson, in the company of the magistrate, passed through that town and neighbourhood without being at all suspected. He then got a passage to Holland, and returned from thence with the Prince of Orange.

DREADFUL CONFLICT.

Nashville Tenn. May 24 1820.

There is a report in town, said to be brought by the post rider, that a civil war is raging among the Chock-taw Indians—the report is related so circumstantially as to entitle it to credit, more especially when connected with rumours which were previously afloat. It is now stated that some time ago an old Chocktaw woman, suspected, by some of her tribe, for a *witch*, was taken up, tortured and put to death—her immediate friends, or relatives, took what the Indians call "satisfaction," by killing some member of the family who had been concerned in putting the old woman to death—this was retaliated, and finally two parties were created, who, with arms fought a regular and bloody battle. It is said, that the number engaged amounted to one hundred and fifty on each side, and that the battle was continued with such obstinate valor by both parties, that not more than ten or twelve of the combatants were yet alive. Should this be true, it furnishes an instance of persevering determination in pursuit of revenge unexampled by any thing we have read.

He who has the character of a crafty *tricking* man is entirely deprived of a principal instrument of business, trust, therefore he will find nothing succeed to his wish.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE DESULTORY CONTRIBUTOR.

NO. XII.

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us !
It wad free monie a blunder frae us,
And foolish notion ;
What airs in dress an' gait wad lae us,
And e'en devotion."

Although anonymous letters are generally deemed unworthy of notice, yet it is proper sometimes to notice them, particularly when they proceed from writers whose motives are apparently pure and inoffensive. Of this kind is the following letter, which on my return home the other evening a little round faced, curly headed boy handed me with a verbal request from the writer that it might be made public.

As I am perfectly willing all should enjoy their own opinions in their own manner, however eccentric it may be, I therefore comply with the writer's request, hoping that the reader will excuse all literary blunders which he may perceive therein.

LETTER.

SIR,—With no small regret I perceived, in one of your late numbers, you attempted to palliate and defend the conduct of bachelors and to give the reasons why they continued in the cold and dismal state of celibacy.

As your arguments, if such they can be called (I speak freely) go to extenuate the errors of a class of men, whose principles and conduct are repugnant to reason, I avail myself of the present opportunity to inform you, in a friendly manner, that I consider myself perfectly justified in opposing your sentiments, with all the weight of abilities, however light you may deem them, with which a kind nature has blessed me.

Without wasting time and paper in a lengthy preamble, as some do, to

prepare by degrees the minds of their readers to receive their principles I arrive at my subject at once by declaring seriously, that you, sir, and those of your fraternity attach more importance to trifles and petty foibles than one would expect from men the least acquainted with human nature. You say triumphantly "that the fair sex have more real friends among bachelors than they perhaps will readily acknowledge." A very safe assertion to be sure. But then the idea you probably meant to convey was, that bachelors (pardon my repetition of this ugly word) are friends to women because forsooth they refrain from matrimonial connexions! Is not this too much to put up with? The stronger can only evince their friendship to the weaker sex by supporting, protecting and defending them. They expect this and have an undoubted right so to do. Like the curling tendrils of the vine that winds itself round the trunk of the poplar for support, so women seek protection in men. And were you, sir, to search from "Indus to the Pole," as Pope says in his "History of India," you would find no one to believe that it is friendship which compels you to continue in celibacy. You could not preach a doctrine more unpopular. Had you supported your assertions by real facts, you would not have exposed yourself to censure, for "facts are stubborn things," as Shakespeare says in his "Dialogues of the dead." You furthermore say "that it is not the bachelor's choice to remain single but this is owing principally to the almost (a most fortunate word) insurmountable difficulty of finding a woman sufficiently qualified to render the marriage state happy." Sir, sir, how dare you to presume to libel the better part of this commonwealth. Are you sufficiently qualified to make a good husband? Answer me that if you please. There are two questions to one bargain. "Think of that

master Brook," as Shakespeare again says in his "Bard of Avon." You know sir, if you know any thing, that no country in the world contains so great a proportion of excellent wives as this, your assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. But here lies the difficulty. Your love of money is such that you fear the expense of a family. Therefore "money is the root of all evils" as Sir Walter Smith says in his "Sermons on Political Economy." Moreover you are "extremely fastidious," as Count Rumford says in his "Art of Sinking." And this fastidiousness I think must have "grown with your growth and strengthened with your strength," as Pope has it in his "Essay on Medals." You ridicule the dress of females. Look to the dress of many of your own sex and blush if you can. As to your "thirteen disappointments," I confidently believe you were never disappointed, and all you have said about it, I consider as mere whipsyllable assertions or like the foaming of the "Old blue Ocean" as Lord Byron says in his "Voyage to Guinea." In fine, my dear sir, you had better take a wife, and become an active good citizen; you then would evince to the world, that you possess such a spirit as every man ought. Then bestir yourself immediately and place yourself in the matrimonial felicity; for as Sir Walter Scott says in his "Theory of moral sentiments"

"Love rules the court, the cot, the grove,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

Reflect, Sir, ere you are called to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns," as my favorite author, Shakespeare, justly remarks in his "Voyage up the Baltic," and profit by my advice. Hoping you will excuse the freedom of my remarks,

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your humble servant.

—
An idle and worthless man is worse than a dead man.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

SIR,—In the British "Repository of Arts, Literature, Commerce," &c for May, 1815, I find the enclosed article, entitled "American Names," which I have attempted to imitate, in the piece, to which I have prefixed "English Names." The names are chiefly to be found in Priscilla Wakefield's "Perambulations in London and its Environs." As I was born but a few days previous to the declaration of American Independence, I had but a faint glimpse at the last fading rays of the evening twilight of that bright day of British domination, which once shone resplendent on our land, and warmed into life and ripened into maturity such geniusses as Washington and Franklin, and a host of others, whom even John Bull's calves condescend to mention without contempt. This long sentence, by which I was almost put out of breath in writing, and which must greatly fatigue in reading, contains a reason for my falling infinitely below the British bard, in my attempt to imitate him. Our subjects I consider equally favourable to the flights of poetick fancy. Yours, &c.

JONATHAN.

AMERICAN NAMES.

Of all people who ever imposed names upon a newly discovered country, the Americans have certainly been the most unlucky in their choice; witness Big-muddy river, and Little-muddy river, Little-shallow river, Good-woman river, Little Good-woman creek, Grindstone creek, Cupboard creek, Biscuit creek, Blowing-fly creek, *cum multis aliis* in the same delightful taste. When this country shall have its civilized inhabitants, its cities, its scholars, and its poets, how sweetly will such names sound in American verse!

Ye plains, were sweet Big-muddy rolls along,

And Tea-pot, one day to be famed in song,
Where swans on Biscuit and on Grindstone glide,

And willows wave upon Good-Woman's side;

How shall your happy streams in after time
Tune the soft lay and fill the sonorous rhyme!

Blest bards, who in your amorous verse shall call

On murmuring Pork and gentle Cannon-Ball;

Split-Rock, and Stick-Lodge, and Two-thousand Mile,

White-Lime, and Cupboard, and Bad humour'd-Isle!

Flow, Little Shallow, flow! and be thy stream

Their great example, as it will their theme!

Isis with Rum and Onion must not vie,

Cam shall resign the palm to Blowing-Fly,

And Thames and Tagus yield to great Big-Little-Dry.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

ENGLISH NAMES.

Priscilla Wakefield, with profoundest awe,
From thy rare book harmonious names I draw,

Found in fam'd London, venerable place,

My verse with modulation sweet to grace.

First Leaden hall, built by sir Thomas Eyre,
Blowbladder street tunes next my warbling lyre,

Then Seething-lane and Crutched Friars, Rag Fair,

Dog-house and Bull-and-Mouth, Red lion Square,

Houndsditch and Shoreditch swell my tuneful air.

Nor shall thy churches stand unsung by me,
St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Catherine Cree.

A British bard how gladly would I meet

In Pudding-lane, or at Pie Corner sweet,

Or Hungerford, fam'd Market, there to eat.

Then with him ramble far away to seek

In Derbyshire the celebrated peak,

With name too base to think, much more to write, or speak. JONATHAN.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

NEATNESS.

As unimportant as it may appear to the many, and as trifling as those who might be benefitted, essentially benefitted by its strict observance, consider the alluring quality of neatness; yet is its charm most enticing.

In the younger class of females, with such as are unmarried, we expect and do find that this engaging quality is duly estimated. And where

in creation can be found an object more truly interesting, more pleasing to the eye, and more worthy of esteem, than a neat and amiable young woman? With the prudent and discriminating of the other sex, the presence of this highly recommendatory quality would more than compensate for the absence of great beauty.

I would therefore respectfully recommend to the younger class of females, particularly those who are about to connect their destinies with partners of their choice, that they pay some regard to the suggestions and observations of a husband. If neatness be one of the qualities he holds high in estimation, then never let him see you "in dress disordered with person impure;" lest coldness succeed to love, and indifference to esteem.

A CANDIDATE.

We thank the author for the above communication, and beg leave to hint to him, that neatness is equally desirable in our own sex, as in the other; and, although he is unknown to us, we hope that he preaches by *example*, as well as by *precept*. We further hope, that he will soon cease to be a "candidate," will be so happy as to obtain a neat wife, with whom he may be preserved many years, in the full enjoyment of all the comforts and pleasures of neatness, and all other amiable and good qualities. Ed.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. — — —

"Too soon returned to earth!

Though earth received thee in her bed;

And o'er the spot the crowd may tread

In carelessness or mirth,

There is an eye which could not brook

A moment on that grave to look."

BYRON.

Peace be with thee, my friend.
Thy mortal career is finished, and
thou hast entered upon eternity.
Many a tear hath wetted the eye-lids
of thy friends at thy departure for the
"land of spirits." Remembrance of

thee, and of thy virtues hath caused us both to weep and to rejoice that thou hast gone: we rejoice that thou art at rest from the ills of this life, and we weep that the place which thou hast held in our affections, and in our society, is now left vacant, never more to be filled.

In the vigour of thy life, thou wast cut off; even in the bloom of thy years. By thy lot we receive a lesson, which shall sink deep into our hearts; that, though young, Death regards it not; though the blow may cause many to mourn, many a tear to flow, still clothed in terrors, comes the pale monarch of the tomb, and tears asunder the fondest ties.

But Death! thou art conquered; thy reign is short; thanks be to Him, who burst the cearments of the tomb, who mounted on high to judge the world, thanks be to Him, thou hast but short dominion over us. These frail tenements of clay shall put on immortality, and live forever to sing hallelujah in the Heavens, in presence of the Saviour of the world, whose "agonies and bloody sweat," have earned for us this incomparable blessing.

O God! we thank thee! though thou hast taken to thyself a son, a brother, and a dear friend, for the consolation afforded us in the retrospection of his character. The shaft has flown which hath torn from us one whom we held dear, but the consolation is equal to the grief. He that once trod these scenes of misery and woe, now treads thy courts with praise: he whose short life had many griefs, has now gone to the bosom of a Father and a God, able and willing to make him happy.

Dry up your tears, ye amiable sisters of this much-loved youth: ye parents, rejoice; for he, to whom you were attached with the warmest affection, has gone to that place where no sorrow comes and where all is love and peace. His spirit now looks from its dwelling-place upon you, and bids you be comforted.

Loved form, farewell! May the God of mercy, when this poor world shall fade from my closing eyes, when my soul shall "flee away and be at rest," bring us together in His glorious presence, never more to part. And when from the mansions of bliss thou lookest down upon thy sorrowing friends, thou wilt see the strength of their affection, which time but served to strengthen, and which can never be forgotten.

J. Q. V.

MADAME RUVILLY.

In the city of Brest, a stranger one day presented himself before a lady named Ruvilly, and besought her to grant him an asylum against the dangers of proscription. There was something in the appearance of this stranger that at once inspired respect and confidence; his grey hairs, the traces that sorrow had left on his countenance, greatly affected Madame Ruvilly whose compassionate heart was ever alive to the claims of humanity. She did not consider her own danger; she did not even enquire who the person was to whom she was about to give a shelter, that might involve her in utter ruin—he was unfortunate, and Madame Ruvilly could not resist such a title. She concealed him, and sought to lessen the sense of his misfortunes by her kindness and attentions.

At the expiration of two days the stranger came to take leave of her. Madame Ruvilly, whose pity and delicacy had forbidden her to question him, could not forbear to express her astonishment at his abrupt departure. "I am, Madame," said he, "a priest; if I remain longer here, my proscription will extend its fatal consequences to you. Suffer me to depart instantly, while you are yet safe, that I may not have the additional misery of bringing you to destruction."

"But where will you go?" said Madame Ruvilly.

"God will direct me," answered the stranger.

"What!" exclaimed Madame Ruvilly, "know you not where to seek a retreat, and would you have me to expose you to such danger? Ah, no! I cannot assent to it. The more unprotected you are, the more it is my duty to shelter you. I beseech you to remain in this house, at least till a moment of less danger."

The old man resisted the lively instances of Madame Ruvilly's humanity, and was at length victor in the generous contest. Although this scene had no witness but Madame Ruvilly's sister, yet the Argus eye of tyranny was not long in detecting the traces of this act of hospitality. Madame Ruvilly was summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and on her trial avowed the service she had rendered the old priest. Her only affliction was to see her sister also condemned, for not having denounced her to the tribunal.

These two women submitted to death with a pride of having incurred, from such a government, the penalties attached to the performance of a generous action.

MODESTY OF SENTIMENT.

It is no evidence of the modesty of our sentiments to be often complaining that we are unfortunate. On the contrary, we suspect that those who thus complain, persuade themselves that they have great merit, which exposes them to the shafts of envy; vanity is their consolation under misfortune. But if they would examine, and do justice to themselves, they would find that their ill conduct is the cause of their misfortunes. Dorisia perpetually complains, that she is the most unfortunate of women; that every body envies and opposes her, that the ladies cannot endure her, and tear her character without pity. She would insinuate by this, that her superiority excites that envy, and brings on her such outrageous treatment. Know yourself better, Dorisia, it is that ridiculous pride, those haughty manners, that conceited opinion of your own consequence, that insulting contempt which you treat other women with, because they have some foibles you pretend you are not subject to, these are the sources of all the persecutions you endure.

We must not expect to cure men of the bad habit of always speaking of themselves, of their adventures and of their property. However tiresome such recitals may be to those who have no interest therein, it would be well if we could never speak of ourselves in any way. Self-commendation, and self-derogation should be equally avoided; those who are guilty of the latter, do not mean to degrade themselves by it. Droina who says so frequently that she is not handsome, and that the small pox has quite disfigured

her, does not wish to be believed. She is conscious of the power of her charms, and only seems discontented with them, in order to attract more attention. When Denis who is a man of a plain blunt character declared the other day that he really thought her grown ugly, the blood flew into her face, and betrayed her vexation, and the severe manner in which she retorted upon him, convinced every body, that she wished to be flattered on her beauty.

How is it, that men of moderate talents are generally the most anxious after public applause? Is it because they know not what is deserving of praise, or that from a malignant principle they are unwilling to render it where it is due? Colinet makes wretched verses, the plays he has written have never survived more than two or three representations, yet he pretends to have found numerous errors in the comedies of Barcinus, which are allowed to be chef d'oeuvres. They want regularity, and order, he says the passions are not treated with sufficient delicacy, that the characters are burlesqued, and would rather die than acknowledge their merit. He has neither taste nor judgment to distinguish the beauties of an excellent work, his jealousy of those who write for the stage is such, that he refuses in public the commendations which in his heart he is perhaps obliged to bestow.

Tell me Silvestre, why do you not approve in Cleanthus that which merits applause? He is extolled to the skies by every one for his last brilliant action, you alone seem uneasy, and alarmed, and incapable to conceal your spite. Is it any tarnish to your reputation that he is exalted, and does it injure you, that justice is done to his merit?

It is in vain that men have been told so repeatedly that this silly passion ever tends to diminish the idea that we form of their talents, and produces invariably the contrary effect. But they are rooted in their error, and beyond all hope of reform; an author will talk perpetually of his works, a soldier of his exploits, and the ladies, unless they have a great deal of discretion, will speak upon the subject of their attractions: every one will endeavour to convince others of them.

The birth, or spirit, of a disdainful person, is always mean.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

This number of the Ladies' Port Folio completes a series of 200 pages, making a volume of a convenient size for binding. The present extent of its circulation renders it a suitable vehicle for advertisements, for which purpose several friends and subscribers wish to occupy a part of it. The present form being inconvenient for such an addition to its contents, the next will commence a new series, containing four large pages, instead of eight small ones. Returning his grateful acknowledgements for past favours, and hoping this new arrangement will be an additional inducement for a continuance and increase of patronage, the subscriber promises his best endeavours to deserve public approbation.

A title page and index to the first volume, will accompany one of the succeeding numbers, as soon as they can be conveniently published.

The second volume will comprise 10 pages. The price to new subscribers will be **ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.**

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted, at as low a price as can be afforded. A few sets of the first volume may be had at this office, bound and lettered, price \$ 2.

Subscribers wishing to have their volumes bound, can be accommodated by applying at this office, when odd numbers of the first volume can be had.

SYLVESTER T. GOSS.

EXECUTION.

On Thursday last the sentence of death, which was lately passed by the Circuit Court of the United States against William Holmes, Edward Rosewaine, and Thomas Warrington, alias Thomas Warren Fawcett, for the crimes of piracy and murder on board a Prize Schoon under the Patriot Flag—was executed in this town in the presence of a large concourse of spectators.

The criminals were taken from prison by the Marshal at 10 o'clock,

A. M. and conducted to the place assigned for their execution, which was nearly on the spot where Powars lately suffered.

The unhappy men had embraced the Catholic Faith—their Confessor, the Rev. Father Laracy, addressed the Throne of Grace in an appropriate and fervent prayer. The prisoners remained some short time after at their devotions, when at the instance of the Marshall, they proceeded to the upper scaffold; and the Marshall having performed those necessary yet painful preliminary requisites to carry the awful sentence into effect, the Priest left them, and about 12 o'clock they were launched into eternity.

Palladium.

It is said that about one third of the vast concourse of spectators, who witnessed the execution on Thursday last were in the garb and shape of females of the human species!!!

It was observed by one, on reading an account of the death of the celebrated Volney, that he could furnish an epitaph from his own works, namely, "*Volney's Ruins.*"

ERRATUM.

In our last, page 189, middle column, 5th line from top, for *moister* read *monster*.

NOTE.

The five last pieces in our present number are from the Lady's Monthly Museum, published in England, 1819. We have inserted them as a specimen of the fugitive poetry, now fashionable in the land of our forefathers.

MARRIED.

In this town, Mons. Hayazinth Yvelin of Paris, to Miss Mary Sprague.

Mr. Lucius Burnham, to Miss Louiza C. Braddish.

Mr. Ichabod Macomber, to Miss Abigail Brown.

Mr. Samuel Snelling, jr. to Miss Caroline Tilden.

Mr. Benjamin W. Bradford to Miss Hannah Cloutman.

DIED.

In Paris, VOLNEY, the celebrated Author.

In this town, Mr. Rowland Bennet, 47.

Mrs. Hannah King, 32.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barker, 51.

George Fullum, 6.

Mr. Jonathan Leaver, 67.

Mrs. Abigail Cunningham.

Mrs. Elizabeth Calder, 31.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE CHURCH YARD.

Seest thou yon cypress wildly wave,
In mournful gloom o'er Beauty's grave?
'There sleeps a noble-minded youth;
There's hid a radiant gem of truth.

Seest thou those flowers, that wildly bloom,
And shed their sweets on beauty's tomb?
There sleeps a lov'd and lovely maid,
There virgin Virtue's lowly laid.

Seest thou yon weeping willow bend;
On beauty's grave its shadow send?
It mourns a smiling infant's end.—
Sweet babe, enjoy thy peaceful rest,
Thy spirit shines among the blest.

Seest thou yon rising mound of earth?
Approach! it will suppress thy mirth!
There sleeps an honour'd parent dead,
There rests a reverend hoary head.

Tread softly on the hallow'd ground!
Some friendly spirits hover round,
And seem to whisper as they fly,
"Thy life is short; man's born to die."

J. B.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

LINES,

Written in a Grave-Yard.

Tell me, ye who calmly sleep,
'Neath this green and verdant mound,
Ye for whom so oft I weep,
On the cold and dewy ground,
Tell me, if (as mortals say)
Round your tomb your sprits glide,
Or upon the pale moon's ray,
If you sit in ghostly pride;
Tell me, wheresoe'er you be,
If from heaven you calmly view,
Human passions' raging sea,
If you gaze and pity too;
Tell me, when shall I repose,
In the lone and peaceful grave?
Free from all my angry foes,
When shall cypress o'er me wave?

Essex Street, Salem.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

DESPAIR.

Oh sweet was youth's first opening bloom,
Ere dark misfortune's sullen gloom
Had chill'd my fancy's wild career,
And ere affliction's bitter tear

Was shed o'er joys forever gone,
Joys which have left me sad and lone.
But now despair has seiz'd my heart,
And misery prompts me to depart
From this dull world of pain and care
To Heaven, and seek a refuge there.

C—C—

From the New-York Eve. Post.

THE FEMALE SLANDERER.

There is a spell on beauty's power,
A cloud above her noon day hour—
On her white virgin robe a stain,
O'er native grace a fettering chain;
Some wizard art, like that which led
In Eastern love th' Arabian maid.
In one fair form thy potent spells
Unite what charm and what repels;
And like the magnet's adverse poles,
Attracts yet frights the gazers' souls:
Her eye with beams of love is bright,
But pestilence is in its light;
Her cheek with softest crimson glows,
But there's a canker in the rose;
There's venom in that ruby lip,
Where Love his arrowy store should dip
And accents form'd most strangely there
Taint and infect the ambient air;
It is as if on seraph's tongue
A demon's withering curses hung!
The enchanted fruit a dragon keeps:
Beneath the flowers a serpent sleeps;
Soon as we hear the trifling hiss,
From that luxuriant bower of bliss,
That fair redundancy of charms,
Shuddering at once in wild alarms,
The Loves their purple pinions ply,
And from the scene affrighted fly.

'Tis malice ranking in the heart,
'Tis viperous slander's baneful art,
That blights the bloom to beauty giv'
And mars the workmanship of Heav'
URIAH DERICK D'ARK.

A HYMN.

BY MR. J. M. LACEY.

Bright evening beams of living gold
The western gates of heav'n unfold,
Whilst night's imperial star
Joins the pure glories of the hour,
That marks bright day's declining w'r,
And leads the thoughts afar!

Such be the calm of life's last close
When man, and all his earthly woe
To death's dark night are giv'n
Lord! let the light of his last day
Illumine the soul with vivid ray,
And lead it up to heav'n!

WRITTEN

On the close of the 5th day of June.

Now crimson'd Sol, with quick'ning pace,
Softly stealing behind the hill,
Bids adieu this transient race,
His morrow's purpose to fulfill.

Whilst Philomela's dulcet boon,
Richly echoing through the grove;
From eastward calls the gibbous moon,
And tempts the loving pair to rove.

TO HOPE.

The feeling undefined which glows
Within the breast that dearly loves,
The rapture-beaming eye oft shows
'Tis not the ray of calm repose
That dull despair removes.

Hope! cheerer of the anguish'd breast!
With lucid robe, cerulean blue,
Again descend from regions blest,
Oh! deign with me to be a guest,
And faded joys renew.

Beyond the grave my thoughts extend,
And bounded be my earthly care;
Yet—whisper, Jane will be the friend,
To wile me onward to my end,
And joys and ills will share.

To thee, sweet Hope! my votive lay
Shall oft in grateful numbers roll,
If thou would'st shed this cheering ray,
And chase despondency away,
Till life has reached its goal.

ON SEEING

A WITHERED ROSE-BUD.

Poor flow'ret! scarce had refreshing heav'n
shed

(When softly peeping from thy calix green)
Its pearly moisture on thy scarlet head,
Ere from thy stem dis sever'd thou wast seen
A rose-bud faint, and weak, and withered.

Emblem of her whose virgin-spirit's flown,
On aerial wings to realms unfeign'd;
Where, in the splendour of th' eternal
throne,

For all the virtues that her soul contain'd,
She joins the circling saints, a rose unblown.

ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

Mark'd you her eye of heav'nly blue,
Mark'd you her cheek, of roseate hue;
That eye in liquid circles moving,
That cheek, abash'd at man's approving;
The one love's arrows, darting round,
The other blushing at the wound.